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Pac. Theo. Sem. Reading Room

ALL WHAT I NEED TO KNOW.

"Down deep in the hold of the vessel
The ponderous engine lies,
And faithfully there the engineer
His labor steadily plies.

"He knows not the course of the vessel,
He knows not the way he should go;
He minds his simple duty
And keep his fires aglow.

"He knows not whether the billows
The bark may overwhelm;
He knows and obeys the orders
Of the pilot at the helm.

"And so in the wearisome journey
Over life's troubled sea,
I know not the way I am going,
But Jesus shall pilot me.

"And so, when wearied and baffled,
And I know not which way to go,
I know that he can guide me
And 'tis all that I need to know."

THE PACIFIC

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W. W. FERRIER ..... Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

THE RAFFLING SPIRIT.

In the cities about the Bay for the promotion of trade, many merchants are offering this or that prize, which, however, is to be drawn for, later in a raffle or lottery. The evil of the thing is forgotten or ignored, and many a church member does not scruple to take a ticket for this fine $1,000 automobile or that $300 graphophone, and indeed the ticket is often thrust into his hand by the polite clerk as he gives you the change for the money paid him for some article you have purchased, and under such circumstances the Christian who to his Savior values his allegiance before all earthly things, is obliged at once to state his principles and politely refuse the proffered ticket—indeed he can do nothing else if he would retain the favor of God. Oh how elastic consciences sometimes become and how easily are they stretched! If a lottery is so wrong that lottery tickets cannot pass through the United States mails, if, in short, gambling of every kind is so wrong that most municipal governments punish it as a crime and even in San Francisco it is punished as a crime if the offending parties are Chinese, how can a raffle or lottery be right even when conducted by an otherwise honorable man, and how can a Christian answer his conscience or his God who deals in these things? The churches have raffles—yes, some of them do, but what of the spiritual condition of that church which has so far forgotten the purposes of its existence as to lend a sanction to this iniquity, solely to raise tainted money for religious purposes!"

We are reminded here of a peculiar incident that occurred in Spain. The pastor of an earnest Protestant Spanish church in the southern part of the Iberian peninsula, went away for a vacation and a needed rest. While on his visit he received a copy of the leading paper of his town, he was horrified to find in great head lines

A GREAT BULL FIGHT

For the Benefit of the Spanish Congregational Church, and for the Purpose of Giving our Beloved Pastor a Well-deserved Present. Some of the Best Men of the Ring Have Offered Their Services Free for so Worthy a Cause, Etc., Etc.

The good pastor reflected that he had never taught his people on this important point and familiar as they were with Bull Fights, their consciences in this direction had become as callous as the consciences of American Christians have on raffles, Sunday amusements, tobacco using and the like. The church of Christ needs an awakening just here. The real Christian has consecrated himself to Christ and His cause and he cannot touch or taste or handle these things the using of which directly leads to the destruction of the spiritual nature, here and hereafter.

The orange and lemon crop of California, up to Aug. 31st last, brought to the growers twenty millions of dollars. California produced 40 per cent of all the oranges and 35 per cent of al the lemons used in the United States last year.

Since the death of Stolypin, Prime Minister of Russia, another outbreak against the Jews is being fomented and Heliodorus, the mad monk of Tsaritsyn, is publicly proclaiming a general massacre against the race. Russia is still existing in the Dark Ages.

We learn from the Congregationalist that it was the Congregational minister who married the eloping Newport heiress to her father's chauffeur, that drew up for his local association the resolution condemning the Congregational minister who performed the Astor-Force ceremony at Newport. How prone we all are to see the sins of others and forget entirely our own.

Our Methodist friends from all parts of the world are now enjoying their great Ecumenical Council at Toronto, Canada, which convened Oct. 4th last to Oct. 17th. This is the fifth in the course, the first being held in London in 1881. In this the Methodists are striving to emulate the Baptists in their great World Alliance at Philadelphia in June.

Minneapolis has a vice commission which has rendered a report that segregation of vice to some particular part of the city must not be thought of; that nothing but a policy of unrelenting suppression must be commenced and continued. The duty of municipalities and municipal citizens lies in no compromise, no, not for an hour. The cry of impossibility comes from those oftentimes who wish its continuance.

There is now being constructed on both the Euphrates and the Tigris dams large enough to confine for use when needed water for three millions of acres which will produce a million long tons a year, besides two millions hundred weight of cotton. It is intended to increase the works until eventually six millions of additional acres may be irrigated. Mesopotamia is going back to the fertility of old Bible days.

At the close of 1910 the membership of the Young Men's Christian Association was nearly 550,000 and of this number 170,000 were industrial workers. This Association owns property to the value of seventy millions of dollars. So fast is it growing that these figures are far behind the true, even in a month. No agency that makes for righteousness is so greatly enlarging its tents and strengthening its stakes as this.

A missionary writing to the London Christian speaks

of the low moral and religious condition in the United States of Columbia. He says: "The Roman Catholic Church is not much in evidence. In the larger towns there is usually a church which the priest visits 'when sufficient inducement offers'—i. e., when a feast can be arranged and a number of baptisms, weddings and masses fixed. In many of the country districts the people know nothing of religion and Romanism has merely given them names to swear by, for they are constantly taking our Lord's name in vain. I have met a number of people who did not even know of the fact of the crucifixion, much less of its meaning."

The United States Supreme Court has a very important question before it which involves the right of a State to adopt the Initiative, the Referendum and the Recall. The State of Oregon under the Initiative plan laid a tax of two per cent upon the gross earnings of the Pacific States Telephone and Telegraph Company. The company refused for four years to pay, pleading that the Constitution of the United States guaranteed a Republican form of government and that the Initiative, Referendum and Recall are absolutely inconsistent with such a government. Of course, the State sued the company and the Supreme Court of Oregon decided for the State. On a writ of error it is now transferred to the Supreme Court of the nation.

On Sept. 12-14 the University of St. Andrews celebrated its half millennium of existence. Representatives from every part of the world were there and were received by the chancellor, Lord Balfour of Burleigh. On Sept. 13 there was one of the grandest processionals in the history of Scotland, for 3,000 persons representing almost every country under heaven, in all kinds of dress, in which, however the picturesque Highland attired figured largely, marched to the town church, thence to a hall, which was built for the occasion, where public addresses were delivered. This Scottish university was founded in 1411 by bulls from Rome, asked for by James I of Scotland, and notwithstanding its papal origin it played a prominent part in the Great Reformation.

Recently a gate was dedicated to the memory of John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," on the grounds of Union College, Schenectady, N. Y. The gate is placed at the main entrance to the college. The world has been thrilled with this song and yet few know of his sad life. With the highest genius, yet he seemed to fail at anything he undertook. He failed as an actor and as an adapter of plays. It was in 1832 he wrote the immortal poem and while he was in Farnce. Returning to the United States he was made American Consul in 1841 at Tunis, but was recalled in 1845, and again he was reappointed in 1851 and died there April 10, 1852. In 1883 his bones ware removed and buried at Washington, D. C.

October 12th to October 22nd the second international Congress of Brewers will be held in Chicago. The first was held in Brussels, capital of Belgium July, 1910, and was under the direction of the Government that made it a part of the Universal Exposition then held. It is possible that was appointed to be held this year in the United States for the purpose of extorting Governmental recognition, and if that is so the work of extorting such recognition was easy. Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture has accepted for U. S. Government the place of an honorary president, and Secretary Knox has expressed the good will of the United States, and it is now quoted throughout Europe that the day of narrow-minded puritanical blue-laws against a wholesome beverage is numbered, and all this in view of the revelations of Dr. Wiley at the wonderful concoctions that now are sold under the name of beer. How do our temperance friends like the league between the United States and the brewers of the world?

We notice that President Taft is getting blame from several quarters for entering into the Reciprocity matter without better assurance of its passing the Canadian parliament, but the President was assured by the Canadian Government that if the United States would approve the treaty it would certainly pass Parliament, and Premier Laurier, with forty majority was sure, but he did not count on certain tactics of the Conservatives who had the right to obstruct the bill and force an appeal to the country. Now Premier Laurier was wrong in not delaying as he had a right to do, dissolution until the new distribution of seats, which the recent census made necessary, a distribution which it is believed would have altered the result of the election, since the constituencies that would have gained were mainly Liberal ones.

We are reminded by recent events how evanescent is fame or glory. One year ago, Sorfirio Diaz ruled Mexico and few saw anything besides a lifetime rule for him, who, though somewhat arbitrarily, had governed some nine millions of people on the whole for their best good. He is now practically an exile in Paris, without prestige or power. A year ago, Theodore Roosevelt was the most talked of any man in the world. Coming home from unusually great success in his hunting trip to Africa, dined and wined on the way by the monarchs of Europe, causing commotion by giving unwelcome advice to kings and premiers, he was received by ovations everywhere by his fellow citizens only to fall back into obscurity, and now Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the great and worthy Prime Minister of Canada has been relegated to the same fate. Well, says the old Latin dictum, "Sic transit gloria mundum."

We notice the efforts that are being made to hoist Esperanto into a real living language to become as it ardent supporters hope a universal language, a hope we fear doomed to disappointment. If ever any language becomes practically a universal one, it will be some living one brought into world-wide use by some great event that effects the world. In the old days Alexander's conquest of the world-empire of Persia carried the Greek language everywhere till it became a universal one and later the conquests of Rome made Latin the universal one. Shall the future universal one be French, English or German. French has long been the language of diplomacy, but English is taking it splace, and because of England's vast possessions in India and elsewhere the English language is fast becoming the learned tongue among the teeming millions of these possessions, and the present indications seem to point to a future time when English will become the language, at least of the world's diplomacy if nothing more.

THE MAJESTY OF LOVE.

Raymond C. Brooks.

"Let us love one another, for love is of God. He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love."—The First Epistle of John.

Even at the risk of reviewing the most familiar ground in the New Testament let us spend a few moments in recognizing what a majestic and supreme place is given in it to this matter of love, for I venture to say that there is no important fact in the New Testament so little appreciated, and there is no influence which can be traced back to the New Testament which will be so revolutionary in thought and conduct when its rightful place is recognized and appreciated.

Here is a strange fact. Every Christian theologian since the beginning of the Christian era has been supposed to reckon with what the New Testament has to say about love and yet there has not been a theology which has even attempted to give the central and commanding place it occupies in the New Testament thought, at least until within a century. Indeed the theology which ruled the thought of the church, both Protestant and Catholic for the greater part of the time since the third century in its central dominant ideas completely dethroned the conception of that great mystic and saint who wrote the text, to say nothing of the conception of Jesus upon which be built. Not only so but all the great preachers of the church from the time of the apostles have repeated these great words about love, prayer and praise have been full of them and yet to this day it cannot be said that the followers of Jesus are peculiarly marked by this distinguishing quality. Do not suppose I am charging the Christian world with insincerity and hypocricy at this point. Not so. I am simply trying to point out that love as the New Testament conceives it and as we must ultimately see it is a bigger and more majestic thing than we have commonly supposed. It is not so simple as we have thought to love, either in thought of in deed. Indeed it may be doubted whether we will ever wholly be able to know in this world what it means to love. For it covers the whole life. There is nothing to which it does not relate, and it may have a multitude of manifestations beyond anything the best people on earth are at present able to see. Dante in the thirteenth century was as familiar with all that the New Testament has to say as you are and as honest, yet it did not prevent him from peopling his Inferno with the writhing victims of the wrath of God. Cromwell knew his Bible yet he did not feel it inconsistent to sell his royal foes into slavery in the West Indies. Calvin knew all that the New Testament had to say about love, yet he was entirely willing to condemn to death another great theologian, not for any moral defect, but because he could not approve his theology which could not have been much farther removed from the New Testament than was Calvin's own thought. It may be that another generation will look back upon the America of today with perplerity, and wonder how it could be that the people who had so much to say about the gospel of love could tolerate the social and industrial inequalities which exist among us, the horrid injustice and the blind indifference to the conditions of a multitude of our fellows who lives are made bitter with hard bondage. It is because, like the fathers before us we are morally nearsighted. We see only a little part of what it means to love just as they saw only a part of what is now clear as day to us. Love is the whole of life, here and hereafter. If we do not love we do not live in any real sense. But with what pitiful slowness the world is learning that lesson.

What then has the New Testament to say? Jesus began his ministry by calling upon men to love those whom they could not like. That ought forever to have made it clear that he was not speaking of a sentimental, emotional thing. Listen to the words which have been familiar to you since childhood. Listen until they startle and thrill you. Do not try to escape from their perfectly plain meaning, nor quibble about their application. "Love your enemies." What does He mean? He does not leave us in doubt. He defines the meaning of this command with more care than He ever defined any other sentence that he is reported to have uttered. Love your enmis. By that, I mean bless those that curse you. By that I mean, do good to thos that hate you. But suppose they will not let us do them good. Suppose they keep out of our way and will not speak to us. Then this command does not apply? Listen. "Pray for them that despitefully use you." There is no escape. From God I am to ask for the same blessing for he man who despises me and continually wrongs me as I seek for myself. To make his meaning clear beyond any possible doubt, he adds, "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly father forgive you your trespasses." No wonder that the men who listened to him were amazed. But this was at the beginning of his ministry. Does he not withdraw from the lofty idealism later on? Not a syllable. He never suggests a compromise of this severe and lofty word in any particular. He had a strange way of repeating the hardest sayings. There were some facts from which he would not allow his hearers to get away. This was one of them. Once Peter to test the Master brought this question: "How often shall I forgive my brother, until seven times?" It reveals the heart of Peter. He knew that revenge is sweet. He was willing to forgive once, twcie, three times, yes, even seven times, but he could not allow himself to think the chance for revenge was to be given up entirely. Listen to Jesus' reply: Not seven times, but until seventy times seven.

Put that in modern language and it means, a million times. Love does not count. It means always. When we say we have done a thing a million times we mean to say that we have always done it and would not think of doing anything else. When Jesus says forgive your brother until seventy times seven, he says you must always forgive him. There must never be in your heart any malice or vengeance. You must always and everywhere maintain the spirit of love. On the last night of his earthly life he is still talking with his disciples about this supreme necessity.

The enemies of the gospel of Christ have understood him at this point. In every age his word about this matter has been a stumbling block and an offense. Some men have said it teaches a grovelling spirit, that it calls upon a man to abdicate his manhood, that it robs him of a noble and virile spirit. But even when they say so, they know it is not true. Any groveling coward can become bitter and resentful in the fact of an injury. It takes a magnificent manhood to love steadily when injustice is steadily recognized. Some have said that this law of love is beautiful but is is impossible, a beautiful dream, but it will not work in a world like this. But we are not wholly honest when we say so. It has been lived here and it can be lived by every man who will give his heart to God. Did not Jesus live the doctrine he proclaimed? How impossible it is for

us to conceive of Jesus of Nazereth entertaining a malicious feeling. On one occasion, two of his disciples disgusted beyond endurance by the boorish action of certain Samaritan peasants, wanted to take sharp vengeance upon them and rushed to Jesus for permission. His only reply was, "You do not know my spirit. I am not come to destroy men's lives but to save them." On another occasion a despicable wretch who was numbered with the disciples stepped out in the moonlight and imprints a kiss upon Jesus' cheek, that he might betray him. His only reply is, "Judas, betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?" The Roman soldiers are driving nails through the quivering flesh and upon their debased and brutal ears this is his word: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." Never permit any man to tell you that the summons of love is impractical and cannot be lived upon this earth. But some one says, Jesus was unique. He was different from all other men. Conduct that was possible in him is impossible for us. It is an easy and convincing way of dismissing the idealism of Jesus, but again it is not wholly honest. Ordinary men cannot follow him in obeying the law of love. A short time after Jesus death one of his disciples is being stoned. As the stones crashed into the tender flesh his face was as the face of an angel and he prayed "Lay not this sin to their charge." But take a man who did not find it easy to love. It is only fair to admit that when we first meet with Paul he is not a man whose sympathies are warm or whose love is large. He was a man of indomitable will, of profound conviction of vast learning, of inexhaustible energy, but he was inclined to be intolerant and overbearing. And yet he was quick to see that the greatest problem for his personal life as for all other men was to bring his whole being into obedience to the love of Christ, and to this task he bent all his magnificent energy with such remarkable success that he became one of the most patient, gentle, magnanimous, completely self-controlled men who ever trod the earth and that because he recognized that if he had every other gift but had not love it was nothing.

But some one says that was nineteen hundred years ago. It was in the age of the apostles, while men still remembered Jesus' life among men. We cannot expect it now. Do not say that. There are men and women now living numbered by the thousands who are obeying this law of love. You have known some of them and so have I. It is not too much to say that the one comprehensive problem for each one of us is to bring all his powers under the control of a strong, rational, righteous, all-embracing love; that if we seem to succeed eevrywhere else and fall here we have failed completely and if we succeed here we have succeeded everywhere.

Let me then ask you to put before your mind as closely as possible the quality of Christian love.

Let me set out the quality of love in three contrasts.

First—Love is strong and sensible, rational and righteous, rather than emotional and sentimental. Love is a principle, not a passion. It is spiritual, not physical. It is ethical, not emotional. It is to be known not by strong feelings but by the permanent outflow of helpful deeds.

Many a home has been built upon a love so-called, which was emotional, physical, passionate and has found that without a strong underlying sense of obligation it was built upon the sand. The foundation of a strong love is the recognition of a common duty.

Second—Love is personal and practical, not theoretical and fanciful. The teaching of Jesus does not deal in abstract ideals. The love he commends is the strength of one person applied to the need of another.

Love is not a cold-blooded devotion to some abstract ideal, not a sentimental passion for some vague cause. It is faithfulness and helpfulness in certain concrete relations.

Third—Love to be genuine must be comprehensive and whole-souled, not narrow and partisan.

There is no space to follow Paul's searching analysis of love. Suffice it to say that he follows the Master in saying that love is the sufficient law of life. Love and do as you please.

Love is the substance of religion and the basis of all sound morality.

To love God with mind, heart, soul and strength and your neighbor as yourself, that is all that is required.

Walla Walla, Wash.

THE GREAT ITALIAN POET OF THE MIDDLE AGES, DANTE ALLIGHIERI.

By Prof. Granville F. Foster.

In this day, when the dream of Dante's United Italy has become an actual fact, the attention of the world has been called as never before to the great poet, whose prescience was so great that he actually looked down through the vista of more than a half of a millenium for the fulfillment of a vision that he felt would be as certainly fulfilled in the end as the prophecies of Holy Writ, and yet we cannot regard him as belonging to Italy alone. The life of a great man like Dante cannot be circumscribed by the narrow limits of any country or confined in the straightened boundaries of any age. Such a man in the universality of his genius, in the very adaptation of his lessons to all mankinds belongs to every country and to every age. He is by necessity more a citizen of the entire world, than of any narrow, constricted portion of it, more **en rapport** with common humanity everywhere than with any small part or parcel of it.

Dante Alleghieri, sprung from an old and illustrious family, was born in the fair city of Florence the 27th day of May, 1265. When but five years of age, he had the misfortune to lose his mother. In the thirteenth century there was a general belief in the influence of the stars, a belief which had come down as an inheritance from the worship of the planets in the time of Pagan Rome, a superstition which the teachings and influence of the Church could not dislodge. Nor is this superstition dead yet, even in the twentieth century and in the United States, since in all the great cities of the American Union, astrologers are making handsome livings by plying daily their art to the **disaster** of the purses of the gullible who seek their advice. Dante was born under the Sign of the Zodiac known as the Constellation Gemini, the Heavenly Twins. The astrologers regard this constellation as favorable to literature and science.

Dante was blessed in his teacher, who was no less than Brunetti Latini, Secretary of the Republic of Florence. 'Twas this same Brunetti who wrote an encyclopedia in two parts, which he called Il Tesoro and Il Tesoretto, which contained all that was then known of metaphysics, geography, astronomy, history, natural history and science in general, into all of which was beautifully interwoven

strange folk-lore, stories of ghosts and devils, and descriptions of peculiar freaks of nature. From the instructions of such a teacher and from the study of such a work, the future poet was enabled to lay the foundation of his vast knowledge—a knowledge regarded in his day as universal, and which he needed in writing such a work as the Divina Comedia in which all the science of the times were needed to illustrate the grand conceptions of those spiritual worlds beyond the confines of the grave, which appear in that remarkable work. Nor was Dante's knowledge all speculative for much was practical. He was both a draughtsman and a musician. His friend Giotto was inspired by the poet to paint those beautiful pictures which fringe the frescoes of the Scrovegni Chapel at Padua.

In his ninth year, the poet saw Beatrice Portinari, of the same age with himself, yet he saw her but few times afterwards. She died young in 1290, the wife of Simone de Bardi. But the worship of her lover, like that of Petrarch for Laura was that for a glorified spirit as his immortal poem abundantly testifies. Beatrice is the angel that leads him and explains to him much of the mysteries of the upper and nether worlds. The death of Beatrice was a sad blow to her lover who tried in vain to console himself with the prayer: "May it seem good unto Him who is the master of grace that my spirit should go hence to behold the glory of the lady, to wit, of that blessed Beatrice who now gloriously gazes on the countenance of Him **qui est omnia secula benedictus.**" It is hard for us in this practical, prosy age to understand such a passion as Dante's for Beatrice—a pasion that had little or nothing of the earthly in it, and still less can we understand that after the fires had burned unrequited for sixteen years, a good part of which his beloved was a wife of another man, how her death could plunge him into such absolute despair that he could not eat for several days, and that it took full two years for him to get over the poignancy of his grief. But it ended finally and in 1292 he married Gemma, the daughter of Mannetto Donati.

At this period of Italian history, the contest between the Ghibellines and the Guelfs, which had been waged with more or less bitterness since the days of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, who a century before had taken special interest in Italian affairs, conquering Milan and enforcing his right of being feudal lord over the whole of the Italian peninsula, this contest, I say had just now reached an acute stage. The Ghibellines were the champions of the German Emperor, who claimed that he was the legitimate successor of the Caesars and therefore by right he was Emperor also of Italy, but the Guelfs maintained that the Pope was the only Sovereign of Italy.

Since neither Emperor or Pope was at this time in condition to assert full power, the various cities of Italy, like those of ancient Greese, formed around them little principalities or republics as the case might be, and, though they owed a shadowy allegiance to the Empire, were practically independent, but some cities, however, repudiated even the shadowy allegiance to the Empire and proclaimed that they were for the Pope both as the Spiritual and Temporal Head of Christendom. Florence belonged to these, but there were within the city two factions of the Guelfs, known as the Black and the White. To the last Dante belonged and after his marriage he gave especial attention to politics and played a most important role in his native city, taking a leading part in several military engagements, being many times an ambassador to foreign countries and finally reaching one of the most exalted positions in the gift of the Florentine people, that of being one of the Six Priors, who constituted an executive magistracy, for the time being an almost absolute oligarchy. Dante became by his talents virtually the chief of this government and here is where his troubles began. There was a terrible struggle of the Blacks and the Whites, and Dante, acting arbitrarily, banished the heads of the Black party, which party swore vengeance against the poet. Dante now goes to Rome to see Pope Boniface VIII. to reconcile that pontiff to his party, but he never saw his native city again. The Blacks got into power and banished him. In his banishment he lived nineteen years and experienced the pain of living in the houses of strangers, wandering from place to place with a longing desire to see his native city. His wife, who had borne him seven children, he never saw again. A narrative of his wanderings, like those of Aeneas, who was the hero whose adventures he studied most would be intensely interesting, but there is not space in this short article to do this. Only once was there awakened within his breast the hope of returning to his native city. In 1310 Henry VII. come over the mountains to assert his rights. Dante, whose necessity had made a Ghibelline wrote a letter to the Emperor—the letter is in existence, and bears date of April 16th, 1311—in which he earnestly urges him to take Florence. But instead of following this advice, he lay before the city, inactive, till September 12, 1312, and when operations were resorted to, nothing was accomplished. On October 31st he departed without taking the city. Since Dante had thus decided for the Emperor, he was condemned to death—a condemnation renewed several times until 1315 this last formal sentence was pronounced that if Dante Allighieri came within the power of Florence, he was to be burned alive, without the benefit of the clergy. This sentence was not formally repealed until the time of Lorenzo de Medici, 1494.

The last years of Dante's life were spent with Guido Solenta, who for the last two years of the poet's life afforded him shelter and the warmest of friendship. Here the poet died on September 14, 1321, at the early age of 56, prematurely worn out with sadness of heart and with intense longings to see again his native land. He lies buried in the Church of the Franciscans at Ravenna. Over his remains a little chapel was built in 1483 by Bernardo Bembo, father of the great and well-known Cardinal of that name. On the chapel is a long Latin inscription, as though written by the poet, but is the production of the Elder Bembo, the last two lines of which are:

"His claudor Dantes patriis extorris ab oris
Quem genuit parvi Florentia Mater amoris."

Translated thus: Here I Dantes, whom my mother, Florence, bore with little love, lie buried, banished from the shores of my native land.

It would seem that Dante's sorrows were the world's gain. Had he remained in the sunshine of his native city, his own age alone would have benefited by his genius. We should in that case in all probability never have had his immortal work, the Divina Comedia, and possibly under the circumstances we should never have had Milton's equally immortal work, Paradise Lost, since the great poet of England in his visit to the home of Dante was led while there to consider the writing in English a work modeled after that of the great Italian, and those acquainted with

both poems can easily pick out passages, the conception of which Milton owed directly to Dante, while at the same time Dante owed much of his inspiration to the Mantuan bard, Virgil, whose Aeneid was the professed model after which his Divina Comedia was fashioned.

Dante wrote a large number of works, all of them intensely interesting and most of them of the highest value. The Vita Nuova is a minute history of his passion for Beatrice. The Convito or Banquet is a sort of compend of universal knowledge, on the model of his teacher, Brunetto Latini's great work, Il Tesoro and Il Tesoretto. De Monarchia is a treatise in Latin, an apology for his becoming a Ghibelline and showing how he thought it possible to reconcile the temporal power of the Emperor with the spiritual power of the Pope. De Vulgari Eloquio, in two books is strange enough in Latin and yet its object is to urge the making of one universal Italian language for Italy and thus to unify and unite all the people of the peninsula. In Dante's time, Italy, like the devil-possessed man of our Savior's time, was filled with a legion of petty sovereignties, while fourteen different dialects were spoken, dialects so far apart that a man from Venice could not understand one from Naples. Dante's influence, aided by Petrarch and Bocacsio, was successful, a literary Italian was established, and is today fast becoming the spoken language of every part of the peninsula. De Aqua et Terra is a scientific treatise upon the question: Is the water on the surface of the earth anywhere higher than the land?

Dante wrote a number of eclogues and a large number of letters which have come dawn to our times. The eclogues are in imitation of those of Virgil and are no bad imitation either. His letters give an insight into his life.

Of all the works of Dante, however, the Divini Comedia is the greatest. It is in three parts. First come L'Inferno, Hell; second, Il Purgatorio, Purgatory, and third, Il Paradiso, Paradise. The time spent in its composition extended over a period of twenty years the final touch being given to Il Paradiso, the year of his death. The reason why the work was called a comedy, Dante gives himself. "A tragedy," he says, commences calmly enough but ends horribly, whereas a comedy begins harshly but ends gloriously." So the poet began his work with Hell, but ends with Heaven. The whole is a masterpiece. 'Tis like the mighty Strasburg Cathedral—grand, sublime. 'Tis a light of colossal size, and of proportionate strength shining out of the very depths of the Middle Ages. In it, concentrated all the learning, all the hopes, all the fears of a period in which men were emerging out of the deep night and superstitions of the Dark Ages and were groping onward and upward to more light and truth. The work was retrospective too. It was a mirror of the learning of antiquity, as contained in the works of the Latin writers of the Golden Age of Rome. It is an epic like the Aeneid of Virgil, but as far ahead of that work in loftiness of conception and style as the religion of the Divine Nazarene is ahead of the paganism of Rome. Out of the awful darkness of Hell, in which the fierce justice of God is frightfully laid open, until the reader trembles in spite of himself, the poet carries him to the Mount of Purgatory, which arises at the very antipodes of Jerusalem and lifts its form towards the light of the sun. Thence by easy steps the heavenly spheres of Paradise are reached. The speculations are now awful, blood-curdling, and then grand, sublime, ecstatic. The descriptions of the beautiful are unexcelled in any literature. They are as delicate and yet as defined as the masterpieces of painting on the walls, of the Vatican. The whole is a phantasy which paints with equal and unprecedented efficiency the torments of perdition and the joys of paradise, dark devils and shining angels, inflexible justice and eternal love.

THE NATURE OF REVELATION

Harold S. Tuttle.

The significance of revelation is the knowledge of truth which we gain. This is true whatever may be our definition or whatever may be the true nature of revelation. Nothing has significance until it becomes personal. Knowledge, to be knowledge, must have entered into our personal experience.

For knowledge to become personal,—to enter into my experience, requires that I have the capacity to receive a given experience. I must have the latent power to respond to a given stimulus. If there is a fourth dimension I can have no knowledge of it so long as I have not the capacity to respond to the stimulus which it offers. Since I have no capacity to receive that experience I can have no knowledge of that truth.

Morever, if another person is to reveal his experience to me, so that the knowledge he receives through them is to become my knowledge, I must have capacities similar to his. He must be like me. Only in so far as he is like me can he by any possibility reveal his experiences to me. If we have one capacity in common and differ in all respects by no possibility can he reveal to me any other experience or knowledge than that which pertains to the capacity which I have in common with him.

A procession of ants marches up my pantry wall, through a window, and across the shelf to the sugar bowl. They and I have physical existence, at least, in common. I can crush them, or impede their pathway, or pick them up and drop them out of the window; and they become conscious of my physical nature. They experience me in so far as I exert physical force. I can reveal myself to them as material. But if we have no other capacity in common I may strive to reason with them. I may plead with them, I may attempt in a thousand ways to make them understand the reason for my objection to their entering my pantry; they too may be conscious of a force resisting their progress and overruling their plans, they may wonder what is the nature of that power, they may long to understand the motives that actuate it; and yet I can reveal myself to them only in so far as they are like me. Their limitations determine the degree of revelation possible on my part. Likeness is the absolute condition of revelation.

When I turn my thought toward God, and ask what I can know about him I must carry with me this consciousness, that my knowledge is neccessarily limited by my own capacity for experience. Theoretically I may conceive of God in three ways. He may be a being absolutely different from myself. With him I may have no attribute or capacity in common. In this case there can be no possibility of revelation to me on his part. It matters not how infinitely superior to me he is; it matters not how infinite are his resources for revelation; it matters not how intensely he may strive to reveal himself to me; nor does it matter how I may agonise to apprehend him; if we have no attribute in common he cannot reveal himself to me. Likeness is the absolute condition of revelation.

I may conceive of God in the second place as being like me, but having no desire to reveal himself to me. And with his greater powers of self-concealment I can hope for no revelation.

But a third possibility is to think of God as of the same nature as I, and, with infinite desire and effort, strivng to reveal himself to me. Such a God it is that the Christian believes in and looks to as his Heavenly Father. With such a God may we not hope for limitless revelation through numberless channels?

If we are like God in every capacity, and our capacities are infinite in degree, then we may. But if we lack any attribute of God, to that degree is his revelation to us limited. He cannot reveal himself to us in any capacity which is absent from our nature. The essential condition of revelations is likeness. God may transcend us infinitely; our limits determine the extent to which he can reveal himself to us. Our powers, not God's, fix the bounds of his revelation.

This truth applies not only to the nature, but also to the degree of our capacities. God can reveal himself to us only to the degree of our capacity to receive his revelation. Here too, the extent of God's revelation is conditioned, not by his power to express himself, but by ours to experience him.

If God seeks to make himself known to us as fully as possible then the degree of our knowledge of him reveals our own capacity. If God's justice and love are infinite, and the goal of his love includes our knowing him as fully as possible, then we cannot conceive of less than the utmost revelation that our capacities make possible. In other words any arbitrary revelation granted to one and withheld from another is incompatible with the attributes of infinite love and justice.

One further condition we discover when we examine our own experiences: God can give us moral and spiritual revelations through those capacities of our being alone which can experience moral and spiritual truths. The finger tip is not an organ of sight, nor the nose of sound; neither are the eye and the ear organs of moral and spiritual perception. In so far as God is a spirit and we are spirits those to whom God would speak must be spoken to in terms of spiritual perception.

Physical phenomena have no significance as such. Only as interpreted by spiritual perception can they reveal God. The revelation lies not in the phenomenon, but in the process of interpreting it. "But is not all nature a revelation of God? Are not the hills and the trees and the clouds and the sky and the stars and the lightnings and the sunsets all animate with the wonder of God's revelations? They are physical." Yes, they are physical; but when we are moved by them they are not merely physical. They are not revelations of God to us until they become more than objective,—until they reveal power and law and harmony and beauty and providence. Until they reveal the personal attributes back of the external manifestations they have no sigificance for us. And then we attain capacity to see in them manifestations of God we discover that they are impartial. The degree of revelation depends upon our capacity to appreciate them, and upon that alone. So that, after all, the real revelation of God to us is personal. It is through the inner consciousness, not through the outer senses. Doubtless God uses sights and sounds whenever possible to direct our inner sense toward himself. But the external is at most suggestive; the message itself is perceived spiritually.

A thousand shepherds might see burning bushes and never recognize that God was in them. But to Moses the familiar fire of the altar was a blaze of Glory in which God was verily present. There was no revelation in the objective phenomenon. The inner perception constituted the revelation. God was in the earthquake, and the storm, and the fire; but to Elijah he could not reveal himself through them. It was the still, small voice alone that could give the prophet any knowledge of God.

Our nature limits direct revelation to an inner experience. Moral conviction and spiritual perception are the experience through which God can speak to the soul of man. For him who denies this, and holds that God makes special, external revelations of himself to chosen vessels, there is no proof. It is a matter of experience. The force of the argument rests upon the essential likeness of the rational process in all humanity.

Doubtless some who disagree with this point of view will argue: The capacity of man has certainly increased in the past three thousand years; if revelation depends wholly upon man's capacity why have we no modern Isaiahs? Revelation depends upon capacity **used**. Few of us know all that we have the capacity to know about astronomy, or geology, or music, or painting. We do not consider it necessary for the stars to speak to the astronomer in order that he may know a great deal about them. Merely to go right on in their orbits, continuing to throw out their light, is all that is needed. To give attention to their light and their movements with the means at hand makes the astronomer wiser than the indiperent sleeper, though the latter may have equal capacity. Few of us have all the knowledge of God we might, because we do not give attention to those elements of our nature which we possess in common with God, if we do not direct our capacities Godward he cannot reveal himself to us.

This may explain why we seem to have less special revelation than had Moses or Elijah. Or it may be that inheriting the truths achieved by them, we are now in need of further truths of a different nature to supplement those. And the discovery of these truths leads to a different form of expression, less conspicuous, yet none the less important for our times. Such a situation would lead to the surface impression that the revelations of old were more objective and special; while the fact would remain that every age has its Elijah, who finds God, sometimes in the lightning that strikes his altar, and sometimes only in the still, small voice. The difference in the kind or degree of revelation does not argue a difference in the mode of revelation. Nor does it indicate that one is less real than the other.

The discovery that God's direct revelation to us is through the inner perception alone, and not through external sensations, does not remove him further from us, but brings him much closer. The message is not indirect through symbols; it is immediate. As human beings we must communicate with one another largely through symbols. Spoken or written words, physical expressions or some other external symbols are usually necessary as means for the conveyance of our ideas. That is the explanation of the fact of human misunderstandings. We must convert our idea,—that is, the revelation which we wish to make of ourself, into symbols which we think will be most accurately understood. The person with whom we are in communication receives the impression of the symbol, and then interprets it in the light of the idea he would have were he to employ that symbol. So that ordinary conversation is but a meager and inaccurate revelation of oneself. And it is all based upon mutual arbitrary agreement as to the code. It is only occasionally

that we rise to that clarity of vision and consciousness of common capacities with another that makes possible a communion of soul without smybols. But when such mutual understanding is attained the revelation through such communion is far more accurate and adequate than any symbols would make possible. The truest personal revelation is immediate.

External, special revelations on the part of God, then, if there could be such, would be less accurate and less reliable, as well as less adequate than the immediate, personal, inner revelations which he constantly seeks to make to all.

When a man achieves capacity that enables God to speak to his soul such truths as that the divine will demands justice and mercy and peace and sympathy and forgiveness and love, there is no higher revelation needed. No revelation could be higher than that which is made to the soul direct. And until that revelation is made possible by the growing capacity of man no other form of manifestation could reveal truths of so high an order.

But the supreme testimony to the fact that revelation is personal, inner, rather than special and external is Jesus. How can one maintain the doctrine of outer, arbitrary revelation as more authoritative or indicating higher favor on God's part toward the recipient than the mere moral and spiritual perception of truth, after the revelation to Jesus Christ? Was Abraham at Moriah, or Jacob at Bethel, or Moses at Sinai, or Elijah at Carmel, more favored of God than Jesus? Were the revelations to them more authoritative?—or more accurate?—or more adequate? If there is one certainly about the experience of Jesus it is that his knowledge of God was inner, subjective, personal, and not from without.

And it is useless to try to hide behind some metaphysical theory about Jesus. For whatever else he was he was human: he was not a mere machine that was operated independently of his human experience and choice, nor through whom words were uttered apart from the convictions of the human teacher. His knowledge of God was personal; and if we are to grant to him the highest knowledge of God could be had only through the inner channel.

This conclusion does not imply that the act of man explains the new grasp of truth. Without God's outgoing toward us our attempts to understand him would be hopeless. The diameter of the earth is about four times that of the moon; but this fact does not produce the larger amount of light that it receives. The great, significant fact is that the sun shines: But since the sun does shine the larger area receives the larger amount of light. The fact that one soul has higher capacities than another does not produce a larger revelation. The wonderful, mysterious, inspiring, love-impelling fact is that God does move upon each soul in immediate communion with infinite expression of his own perfect personality. And the result is varying degrees according to the soul's capacity and its desire to receive.

As Pascal says. "God is a being whom we could not seek had we not already found him." So that revelation is the one great miracle of human experience.

Los Angeles Cal.

Next Monday, at the meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity, the paper will be given by the Rev. Mr. Brittin of the Fourth Church of Oakland.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Redwood.—On Sunday evening, October 1st, the Odd Fellows' and Rebekah lodges attended church in a body as is their usual custom once a year. One was received into the church at the October communion. At the morning service on the 8th the pastor spoke on "Good Citizenship" to a large congregation.

Sebastopol, Rev. R. S. Nickerson, Pastor.—Twenty-one new members have been received since August 1st—eight on confession. New song books for the Sunday-school have been secured and new chairs for the primary department ordered. An orchestra of six pieces play at the evening service. A prayer-meeting established. The outlook is very encouraging and the attendance at both services splendid.

Chinese Church.—At the Chinese Congregational church in this city the Lord's Supper was observed last Sunday evening. Six young men and two young married ladies were baptized and received to the church. Six children also received baptism. The chapel was well filled and the attention to the word preached was close and rich in promise of further harvests. Two young men announced their purpose to live for Christ by joining the Congregational Association of Christian Chinese. They are probationers for further baptisms. Is such work worth doing? Shall we let it drop? Something like this occurs at every communion season.

. . .**Grass Valley**.—The communion service took place on October 1st. Three members were added by letter. The spirit of the service, the attendance, the response to a missionary appeal, all indicated that Bro. Sargent still deserves to be dubbed "The Knight of the Fallen Church.' Not long ago this church, or at least some members of it, were considering the question whether it might disband. Today, I am sure that no such thought is in any mind. The Sunday-school has a live superintendent and the average atendance exceeds 100. And the work of the church is moving on in all directions with renewed interest.

W. C. P.

Lodi.—The resignation of the Rev. F. M. Washburn was considered by the Lodi congregation on Wednesday evening, October 4th. Since it seemed the earnest desire of their pastor that this resignation take effect as stated, it was with much reluctance that it was finally accepted unanimously, to take effect the last of December. It is with deepest regret that the people of Lodi hear of Mr. Washburn's proposed departure, for he is universally esteemed because of his years of earnest, tactful service. Mr. Washburn's plans for the future are as yet undecided, but should he continue in the ministry, the church fortunate enough to secure him as their leader will be blessed indeed, not only by his able work but by that of his wife, the Rev. Bridelle C. H. Washburn, so well known in her state-wide W. C. T. U. work.

Woodland.—Rev. C. M. Streeter, pastor. Since the pastor's return from his vacation in the red-woods of Mendocino county, services have been resumed in all departments of the church and are actively working. The communion service of Oct. 1st brought two new members into the fel-

lowship, both of which will be a great help to the church. This makes 25 added to the church during the past year. The interior of the church is being redecorated, new electric chandeliers placed and we hope to replace the present windows with art glass which will make the church thoroughly modern in appearance. What promises to be the greatest union revival meetings in the history of Woodland, will begin Oct. 8th, under the leadership of Dr. J. Q. A .Henry. All the churches are looki ng for bet te r| wh; A. Henry, evangelist; and Prof. P. P. Bilhorn, musical conductor. All the churches are looking for better things as the result of these meetings. Seventeen saloons closed Aug. 1st, and a saloon-men's petition for another election was turned down as illegal last night, which has paved the way for a promising work of grace so much needed in Woodland.

Oakland Fourth—Last Sunday morning, Rev. L. L. Wirt, of the First Congregational Church, preached to us, while his people listened to a sermon by our pastor, Rev. B. L. Brittin, whom we have all enjoyed since he resumed his pastorate. Under the direction of Mrs. Brittin (who is to be the teacher and leader in the movement,) we have effected the organization of physical culture classes which promise benefit, interest and enjoyment to all who attend. Our former pastor, Rev. F. H. Maar and Mrs. Marr, are at present in the midst of the pleasures of an ocean trip to British Columbia and return, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Davenport, of this church. The Ladies' Aid Society has been for some time, and is still holding all day meetings at the church preparatory to the bazaar to be held in November. These meetings are well attended while the sociability of the luncheon hour is a pleasurable feature of the day.

Angel's Camp.—A meeting of the church at Angel's Camp was held on the evening of the 9th inst., at which the Rev. D. Goodsell, formerly minister of the church at Ceres, was duly recognized as the pastor of the Angel's Church. The services were marked by deep spirituality, a token of the presence of the Divine Master, also a heartiness of welcome by the members of the church to their new pastor. An address suitable to the occasion was delivered by the Rev. Thomas Magill of Murphy church. The church at Angel's is to be congratulated in securing the services of a pastor of such wide and varied experience as Brother Goodsell brings to his work. May great spiritual prosperity come to both pastor and people.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The editor of The Pacific returned yesterday from his trip East.

President Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary went East this week to attend the Brotherhood and American Missionary Association meetings in Chicago.

Secretary Tenney of the American Board is in attendance at the annual meeting in Milwaukee.

The 55th annual meeting of the Northern California Conference will be held in Berkeley next week, beginning on Tuesday, at 2 p. m. Meetings will be in First church, except the Wednesday afternoon session, which will be in North church. Program was received by The Pacific only a short time before the paper went to press, or the main features of it would be given.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED AT MEETING OF THE DIRECTORS OF W. B. M. P.

Whereas, the W. B. M. P. has lost from its ranks two of its most efficient directors, its secretary and its treasurer, and,

Whereas, we as a Board, highly appreciate their valuable services, it is but due to them after all these years of service, and just to us, that we should put in permanent form such recognition, and a copy sent to them, and also spread upon our minutes; therefore,

Be it resolved, that the W. B. M. P., in executive session assembled in San Francisco, California, on this 4th day of October, 1911, places on record its great appreciation of the valued services of Mrs. S. F. Bufford, and Miss Mary C. McClees.

The painstaking faithfulness and dependable accuracy of our Recording Secretary, Mrs. Bufford, who leaves us after twelve years of loving and devoted service, can never be forgotten.

We desire to convey to Miss McClees our hearty thanks for the truly business like way and able manner in which she has conducted for the past seven years the affairs of the treasury. We will greatly miss on our Board her wise counsel. He knowledge of affairs has been of inestimable service to us in conducting the financial correspondence and keeping the accounts of the W. B. M. P., with the A. B. C. F. M.

JENNIE L. BARBOUR,

JENNIE L. BARBOUR,

REPORT OF THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION.

The 24th annual meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Union was held at Mission Congregational Church on Thursday, Sept. 21, 1911, Mrs. Perkins, the president, presiding, and opening the day's service by Bible reading and prayer.

The reports of the officers followed, and these were not the tawdry things we are sometimes inclined to believe them, but accounts full of interest of the different departments of the work by those under whose care they fall. The increasing demand for missionary literature, encouraging reports from distant auxiliaries, either by delegates present or by letter, the accounts of boxes filled and sent to mission fields and the work among the little children gave some idea of the scope of our opportunities and how we are meeting them.

The annual report of the treasurer, Mrs. O. W. Lucas, was read and accepted.

Not the least interesting was the traveling secretary's record of her journeyings and aid in awakening interest in missions in the smaller and weaker churches.

The nominating committee's report was read and accepted and the following ladies were unanimously elected on the board of directors: Mrs. Geo. C. Adams, Mrs. J. N. Haven, Mrs. O. W. Lucas, Mrs. Eli King, Mrs. J. H. O'Brien, Mrs. H. M. Shepperd, Mrs. Seward M. Dodge, Mrs. Geo. W. Hinman, Mrs. Chas. S. Nash, Mrs. Chas. L. Mears, and Mrs. F. B. Perkins.

"On the Mountain Top" was the subject of Miss Laura N. Richards. Her love for Mount Hermon was evident, and the inspiration for higher things to be gained there was carried to those who listened to her.

At the noon hour everyone enjoyed the hospitality of the ladies of the church, both in the delightful church and the opportunity to see the new and commodious building.

The afternoon session was opened by the the singing of a hymn and prayer.

Mrs. Geo. W. Hinman gave an interesting, although brief account of visit to the Pacific Coast Congress, and said that she believed an unfinished country was a good place for missionary workers.

Rev. Benj. L. Brittin spoke on "The Issues and Opportunities of Home Missions." He said the issues were vital and the opoprtunities were always with us. The only really dead church is the one with a ———— over the missionary box.

After the offering a solo by Mrs. J. B. Millington was greatly enjoyed.

Rev. Chas. L. Mears had for his subject "State-Wide Missions," and gave a glimpse of the work in Nevada, where he was stationed for seven years. The high altitude stimulates to both good and evil and changes come quickly. There is so much to do for those who both need and want help that it is a broad field for an energetic missionary.

"On the Field" was the subject of Mrs. B. B. Collett, and as she told of the work of herself and her husband among the Indians of California, the account was both pathetic and encouraging. The transformation of the Indian is both inward and outward and he grows to be a self-respecting man, whose change is permanent.

A telegram from Mrs. J. M. Haven, who is associate treasurer, who is East, showed her interest in the meeting and her love for the work.

After a vote of thanks to the ladies of the church, the meeting was adjourned with a prayer by Rev. Mr. Mears.

MARY M. BELL,
Recording Secretary.

AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

Program for Sixty-fifth Annual Meeting at New First Congregational Church, Chicago, Illinois, October 17, 18, 19, 1911.

Quartet of Jubilee Singers, from Talladega College, Talladega, Alabama.

Tuesday, October 17, 2:30 p. m.—

1. Organization.
2. Address of Opening, President O. S. Davis, D.O., Ill.
3. Report of Treasurer H. W. Hubbard, N. Y.
4. Annual Survey of Executive Committee, Charles A. Hull, Chairman, N. Y.
5. Concert of Prayer, led by Rev. A. F. Beard, N. Y.

Tuesday, October 17, 7:30 p. m.—

1. Sermon, Rev. Charles R. Brown, D.D., Conn.
2. Communion Service.

Wednesday, October 18, 9:00 a. m.

Devotional Service: "Our Father Who Art in Heaven," Pres. O. S. Davis, D.D., Ill.

1. Present Phases of the Indian Problem, Rev. George W. Reed, N. D.
2. Rural Education among the Lowlands and Highlands of the South, Rev. S. H. Herbert, Ala.
3. Child Labor in the South among Blacks and Whites, Rev. Owen R. Lovejoy, N. Y.
4. New Occasions and Old Duties, Secretarial Paper, Sec. H. Paul Douglass, N. Y.

Wednesday, October 18th, 2:30 p. m.—

1. The Inception and Method of the Apportionment Plan and the Advisory Committee, L. C. Warner, LL.D., N. Y.
2. Congregational Apportionment, Its Significance to Our Churches and the World, S. T. Johnson, Chairman, Minn.

Wednesday, October 18th, 7:30 p. m.—

1. What the Whites of the South Owe the Blacks, Rev. Clement G. Clarke, Minn.
2. Race Prejudice, Mr. Julius Rosenwald, Ill.
3. The Fundamentals in Education, Rev. Ferdinand Q. Blanchard, N. J.

Thursday, October 19th, 9:00 a. m.—

Devotional Service: "As We Forgive Our Debtors," Rev. W. E. Barton, D.D., Ill.

1. New England and the American Missionary Association, Sec. George H. Gutterson, Mass.
2. First Impressions, Rev. G. Glenn Atkins, D.D., R. I.
3. Symposium: Imperative Necessity of Endowments for Our Large Institutions, Hon. T. C. MacMillan, Ill., Pres. G. A. Gates, Tenn., and others.
4. Business Session, 11 o'clock.

Thursday, October 19th, 2 to 4 p. m.—

Woman's Meeting.

Devotions.

Report Bureau of Woman's Work of A. M. A., Miss D. E. Emerson, Secretary, N. Y.

Missionary Addresses by

1. Miss Lucia Cannon, Preceptress Indian Girls, Santee, Neb.
2. Miss Jane McLiver, Missionary, Fajardo, Porto Rico.
3. Miss Eleanor Denman, Missionary in Mountain Settlement Work, Ky.
4. Miss Mary Rogers, Instructor in Straight University, New Orleans, La., President Woman's Union, Louisiana.
5. Mrs. Rachel Pepper Scott, The Minister's Wife, Montgomery, Ala.

State Message, Mrs. G. H. Schneider, Chicago, Pres. Illinois Woman's Union.

Federation Message, Mrs. B. W. Firman, President.

Social Hour.

Thursday, October 19th, 7:30 p. m.—

1. Address, Prof. William J. Hutchins, D.D., Ohio.
2. Address, Rev. F. J. Van Horn, D.D., Vice-President, Wash

The Sixty-fifth Annual Meeting of the American Missionary Association will be a great national rally in the interests of patriotism, philanthropy, missions, education and religion.

It is a delegate convention of the churches, local associations and state conferences for the transaction of large business and the consideration of important problems.

No contributing church should fail to elect its delegates at an early date, each church being entitled to pastoral and two lay delegates. Life members are urged to attend. Send names to Chairman Entertainment Committee.

The Annual Meeting Committees are:

General Committee: Rev. F. N. White, Chairman, 1822 Warren Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Publicity Committee, Rev. W. E. Barton, Chairman, 228 N. Oak Park Avenue, Oak Park, Illinois.

Finance Committee, Mr. A. B. Mead, Chairman, 1903 Washington Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois.

Entertainment Committee, Mr. E. T. Harris, Chairman, 1827 Washington Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois.

Transportation Committee, Sec. L. O. Baird, Chairman, 19 South LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois.

The Home.

LONG AGO

I once knew all the birds that came
  And nested in our orchard trees;
For every flower I had a name—
  My friends were woodchucks, toads and bees;
I knew where thrived in yonder glen
  What plants would soothe a stone-bruised toe—
Oh, I was very learned then;
  But that was very long ago!

I knew the spot upon the hill
  Where checkerberries could be found;
I knew the rushes near the mill
  Where pickerel lay that weighed a pound!
I knew the wood the very tree
  Where lived the poaching, saucy crow.
And all the woods and crows knew me—
  But that was very long ago.

And pining for joys of youth,
  I tread the old familiar spot,
Only to learn this solemn truth:
  I am forgotten, am forgot.
Yet here's the youngster at my knee
  Knows all the things I used to know—
To think I once was wise as he—
  But that was very long ago.

I know it's folly to complain
  Of whatsoe'er the fates decree;
Yet were not wishes all in vain,
  I tell you what my wish should be:
I'd wish to be a boy again,
  Back with the friends I used to know;
For I was, oh! so happy then—
  But that was very long ago.

EUGENE FIELD

"ALL IS VANITY."

"For what hath man of all his labour, and of the vexation of his heart, wherein he hath laboured under the sun? For all his days are sorrows, and his travail grief; yea, his heart taketh not rest in the night. This is also vanity."

They seemed doleful texts for a sunny June morning, yet they found response in at least one heart in the old church of Faversham, that of a man who had come back like a thief in the night to the place of his fathers, to find it so changed that he could not fit himself in.

It was only eleven years since Dennis Fletcher had left Faversham to take up an appointment in the Far East; a commercial appointment which, in the hands of a capable man, was on the high road to success. Fletcher had been offered the job at the last minute, when the man who had first received it was too ill to go. He had died a few weeks later, and Fletcher had been obliged to remain on at his post. It did not matter very much to him then; because he was in a state of mind which rendered a long absence from England particularly welcome and beneficial. Fletcher was a son of the soil, his father a small farmer of the yeoman type, who had lived on a place called West Hedges all his life. He had been born there, and two generations of Fletchers before him, and it had been something of a disappointment when his only son Dennis declined to follow in the way of his forbears. He was a far-seeing youth, and had only said that unless there could be some legislation for their benefit, the day of the small farmer's profits in England was over. Dennis Fletcher from his youth up had a mind above his station, at least, so he was summed up by old Miss Raynor at the Gatehouse, whose shrewd eyes and sharp tongue were so often busy among Faversham folks. She had been specially indignant because he had dared to fall in love with Besise Raynor, the rector's daughter, and her own niece. Bessie had married after Fletcher went abroad, and it was on her account that he had been glad to take the appointment, not caring at all what might become of him. He had heard no news of her since then, except the bare fact of her marriage, which sufficed to close the episode in his career. He was thinking of her as the rector, now old and white-haired, droned out the words of his text, and proceeded to expatiate a little on the preacher's wisdom, without, however, adding either grace or significance to it. Bessie used to sit on the right hand side of the pulpit in the square pew facing the congregation. The last time Flecher had seen her there she had worn a drooping hat with a wreath of pink roses near the brim, under which her face looked like a rose itself. And she had glanced across shyly at him, and he had seen the lovelight in her eyes.

Then they had taken her away to get her out of temptation, as embodied in his own person, and he had been frankly told by the rector that he had other views for his daughter. Fletcher had his own pride, and he simply stood aside, and when the appointment was offered, gladly took it. But it had altered his outlook on life, and he had never taken the smallest interest in any other woman, though he was now in a position to marry, and to marry well. He returned to Faversham to find his father and mother dead, and new people in West Hedges, and he had slept the night in the old Gatehouse Inn, just a stone's congregation recognized him, and when he came out of the congregation recognised him, and when he came out of the porch she was waiting for him, a small, odd figure, in old-fashioned brocade, leaning on her ebony stick, her keen, black eyes as swift and penetrating as ever.

"Dennis Fletcher," she said, in her shrill voice. "I could have told you anywhere by these eyes of yours. When did you return to England?"

"Only on Thursday, Miss Raynor. I find great changes in Faversham."

"You would in eleven years time. You've grown a great, strong, handsome fellow, Dennis Fletcher. I'm sorry you find West Hedges empty; that's the exile's price

to be paid for long absence. Come back to lunch with me."

Fletcher hestiated a moment. The old woman had not been kind to him in the past; he blamed her principally for having nipped his love affair with Bessie in the bud. But he was feeling particularly lonely, and he wanted more news of Faversham folk than he had been able to get at the inn.

"Thank you, Miss Raynor, I will."

They passed together out through the lych-gate, and even those who had known Dennis Fletcher as a boy failed to recognize him in the lean, brown weather-beaten man who walked with an air by old Miss Raynor's side.

"You've got on well in the East. I heard of you the other night, curiously enough, from a man who sat next to me at dinner at the Carters. He was consul at Teheran, and spoke very highly of you. I've forgotten his name now."

"Brailsford," said Fletcher, with a strong note of pleasure in his voice. "Is he living in the neighbourhood?"

"He's on a visit to the Carter's. His youngest sister is Archibald Carter's wife. They're coming to tea with me to-morrow at half-past four. If you have nothing better to do, come alone and see them. Meanwhile, to-day I propose that you tell me all about yourself."

Fletcher invardly smiled. He guessed that he owed this unexpected kindness to certain warm words Brailsford had spoken of him, and he felt the pleasure a man feels when he has earned the commendation of one whose opinion he respects. He had to walk very slowly by the old woman's side; he noticed that she was very frail and walked heavily, leaning on her stick. Once or twice his strong, ready arm helped her a little and attention pleased her. They were well through luncheon before she spoke the name Fletcher was hungering to hear.

"You haven't asked yet for Mrs. Fortnum King."

"No," he answered, in rather an odd voice. "I hoped that you might tell me how she was. I hope that she is well."

"She wasn't when I saw her last. I suppose you know that she is a widow?"

"No," said Fletcher, with a start. "I haven't heard. I'm very sorry."

"You needn't be; it was a happy release for her," she said shortly.

"That marriage was not only a mistake, it was a crime, and she was most frightly unhappy while it lasted."

"I am indeed grieved to hear that," said Fletcher, and he was. If she had been happy he would not have grudged the desolation of his own life.

"You can't be half as sorry as I am, because you were innocent; you would have made her happy if you could. I was to blame for that marriage, and my remorse corresponds to my crime. Bessie has never forgiven me. You knew, I suppose, that it was I who put the spoke in your wheel twelve years ago?"

"I knew that you were hostile to me," said Fletcher, with difficulty. The position was very awkward, and he wished he had refused her invitation to lunch.

"It was a miserable match, and the man had no money after all. She had a hard life, and his uncle married again twelve months after Bessie's marriage, and in another year there was an heir, so her chance of the title and everything else, vanished into thin air. It was hard on the child."

Fletcher pushed back his chair. He felt as if the food were choking him.

"Miss Raynor, can we talk of something else?"

Presently.I want to get the whole truth out, and receive absolution. It's what I invited you for. I have thought of writing, but always hoped you would come home. She cared for you, Dennis Fletcher, and she cares for you still. There's her address. Now let's talk of something else, if you like."

Fletcher slipped the card in his pocket, and did not look at it until he had left the house. Then, even when he read the address of certain mansions in the vicinity of Sloane street, he did not at once make up his mind to call. He left Faversham, however, next morning, and returned to Morley's Hotel, where he had left his things, and about four o'clock in the afternoon he walked the whole way to Sloane-street just to see the place where she lived. He found nothing distinguished or even distinguished about Tavernor Mansions, where Mrs. Fortnum King was merely a number. She was at home, and he was ushered to her presence without a moment's delay, though he had declined to give his name. She was sitting at a small table in a projecting window—the flat was at the very top of the house—and was apparently very busy either painting or doing some fine needlework. Presently he saw that it was miniature painting she was busy with, and it was a moment before she rose. When she saw him, she gave a little start, and all her color receded from her face. Her plain frock of unrelieved black seemed to give an almost painful slenderness to her figure, and she had aged much more than Dennis himself.

"Who is it?" she said faintly. "Dennis, it can't be you, is it? Why, I never, never thought I should see you any more in this world. How did you find me out?"

"I was at Faversham from Saturday till Monday. Your aunt told me about you, and gave me your address."

"And when did you come home?"

"Last week."

"Are you home for good?"

"Oh no; only on leave for a few months; but I don't think I shall take advantage of it. There's nothing at Faversham. It was a ghastly mistake to go back. Eleven years is too big a slice out of a man's life. He can't take it up where he left off. I have no ties to England now."

She sat down, fumbling nervously with the long, slender platinum chain at her neck.

"I am sorry you have had so much trouble," he said awkwardly. "I have always pictured you as living a brilliant sort of life."

"I don't want to talk about it," she said hurriedly; I want only to remember that it is over. They wanted me to go home to Faversham, but I couldn't. It was all too painful. Both my father and Aunt Cecilia wished me to return, but I prefer to live my own life. I share this flat with a friend who is a lecture to the County Council. She is out all day, and I have freedom to work at my miniatures."

"Do you mean to say you do that for a living?" he asked, painfully surprised.

"Yes; why not? I am happy in it. I make enough far my very modest expenses. I've been so busy of late, I'm quite tired, and looking forward to a little holiday presently. We propose to go to Brittany, where we can board at a ridiculous price at an old convent among the Sisters. It is very restful. They put you to bed at nine every night."

Fletcher scarcely smiled. He was wondering whether he might venture a further step. She was so friendly, so

quietly cordial, yet so different in every way from the Bessie of old, he was not sure.

"Do you think they would take me too?"

She laughed for the first time since they had met.

"You don't look quite like the the kind of man to bow to the Sisters' gentle but quite firm rule, but I daresay you could find accommodation if you tried."

He did try, and it was on the sand dunes at Wimareux that he asked her to go back to Teheran with him and share his life. She shook her head.

"I'm an old woman, Dennis, and it doesn't seem fair. We've been cheated, both of us. I seem to have lost faith, belief, in everything, and I'm afraid."

"Afraid of me?" asked Fletcher, rather despondently.

"No, of myself. I've lost all my illusions, and a woman without them is a useless creature. I should only add a fresh care to your lot and give you nothing in return."

"I'll risk it," he said, confidently.

"One mistake is enough in a life-time," she urged. "Find a younger woman—one who believes in everything I've lost hold."

"If you don't have me, Bessie, I'll never marry. I'll simply go back there and shut the door upon myself. I was lonely before, but I'll be doubly lonely now, thinking of the second chance I have missed."

It was a strong appeal, and looking at his face, her own softened. After all, it might be worth doing., and a life spent in miniature painting cannot be said to have a very wide horizon. In the end she gave way, and they were married quietly in the English church at Dinant, by a man whom Fletcher had met abroad, and who was at home for his health. Nothing was known at Faversham till it was over; then Bessie wrote to her father and her aunt. From the latter came a very characteristic reply, but Bessie turned a deaf ear to their entreaties that she should pay a visit to her old home before she left for the new.

"I can't Dennis; they robbed me of my youth there—the youth that belonged by right to me and to you."

But happiness is a great restorer. The day came in the far-distant city of the East, when Fletcher could laugh at his former readiness to echo the preacher's cry converning the vanity and sorrow of man's labous under the sun. With that dear woman by his side, life once more seemed good. Slowly to her, also, came back her lost youth; life once more because a thing of joy and of purpose. She fulfilled her destiny in the East, and the story of her life, if it could be written, would be for the healing of the nations, as it was first for the healing of her own soul. David Lyall in British Weekly.

A FORGIVENESS ACCOUNT.

John and his sister Gladys were out at the front of the house. Gladys was making a bead necklace for her doll. The beads were on a little work table beside her. John was playing at trains. His train was on an old box cart, his new wagon was a coach for the passengers. He was the engine, and he was steaming and whistling with all his strength.

"Don't come here, John," said Gladys, as he came near the table.

"Puff, puff," went the snorting human engine.

"Take care," cried Gladys again as he came nearer to the table, "you'll spill my beads." Away John went, and soon forgot his sister's warning. The train came round the corner, and before he knew it the table was upset and the beads scattered in all directions.

"O John," cried Gladys, with angry face, "what did I tell you?"

"I'm awfully sorry," said John, as he helped to pick up the beads. John was always sorry, but it did not make him careful. Gladys did not answer for a moment, but then she said: "Never mind, John, I'll forgive you." She had remembered the lesson she had heard on the previous Sabbath about Jesus telling Peter how he had to forgive his brother seventy times seven. Gladys was a passionate child, but had resolved to obey Jesus. She had been saying to herself—although John did not know—"I will forgive him four hundred and ninety times, but after that"—She shut her lips tight. "I'll keep a forgiveness account," she thought, "so as to know when it's seventy times seven." Before she went to bed she wrote at the top of a clean page in her last year's copy book: "List of the Times I Forgive John."

And under this: "Monday—For spilling my beads."

Then she remembered that that very day she had upset a block tower John had built to show father when he came home, and John had not been the least cross with her. "I suppose I ought to count that on the other side," she said. She then wrote slowly on the opposite page: "The Times John Forgives Me."

"Monday—For knocking down his tower."

That made them even.

And so, day after day, it went on.

One day she had the longer list, and another day John had it; often they were even. And Gladys was beginning to feel very humble, and said to herself: "I guess if I forgave all I can without keeping any list, it will take me all my life to make four hundred and ninety times. Perhaps, after all, that was what Jesus meant. I will try. Dear Lord, help me to forgive always as I wish to be forgiven." —The Examiner.

Our Young People

TOM AND THE POLICEMAN.

Tom was five years old, and he had lived these five years on a big farm. He had played out of doors all day and he had so many pets that he really could not count them all,—kittens and puppies, chickens and ducks, and a pony all his own.

One day Tom and his mother started on a long trip; they were going to see his grandma, who lived many miles away.

They were in the train nearly two days and Tom had the best time watching the trees, telegraph poles, little towns, rivers and hills. They all seemed to be going just as fast as they could back towards Tom's home.

Tom liked to watch the conductor, when he came in to punch the tickets, and the conductor let Tom punch holes in a piece of paper just for fun. All the men who helped to run the train wore blue suits with brass buttons so Tom could always tell which they were.

It was just after breakfast when the train stopped at the city where Tom's grandma lived and Tom was glad, for he was beginning to get tired of living on the train.

The station was full of people, all hurrying around,

looking for some one, or trying to catch a train. There were so many tracks that Tom wondered if any one knew how many there were; and there were trains on all of them all ready to go somewhere.

Tom and his mother got on a trolley car and Tom watched the conductor take the fares, and he saw how careful the motorman had to be because there were so many people, and horses, and wagons on the street.

Tom had never seen so many people together and they all seemed to be in a hurry to get somewhere.

"How do they get across the street, mamma? I would be afraid of the cars and horses," said Tom.

"Do you see that tall man with a blue suit and brass buttons on, and a big star on his coat, and a stick in his hand? That is a policeman and he helps people and watches the cars and the horses, and sometimes little children get lost and he always finds their mammas for them," answered his mother.

Soon "Tom's mother told the conductor that she wanted to get off at the next street, so he rang the bell and the motorman stopped the car.

There were stores all along the street and such big buildings!

The windows were full of pretty things and Tom and his mother stopped to look at them. In one window there was a toy train that ran all around on a track and a funny little tin man that climbed up a ladder and then down again.

Just then Tom's mother saw on an old friend and they were so glad to see each other that they did not notice Tom.

Suddenly he heard something that sounded like music and there down the street was a funny-looking piano on wheels; a horse pulled the little wagon and a man stood at the back and turned a handle, and that made the music.

Soon the music stopped and the man got up on top of the piano and away it went down the street. Now Tom had never seen anything like that before and he wanted to hear it again, so he ran as fast as he could after it.

The horse turned the corner and went down another street, but Tom watched, and he had just caught up with it when the man stopped the horse, jumped down, and began to play again.

Tom asked him what it was and the man laughed to think that any little boy did not know what a hurdy-gurdy was, and Tom thought that was a funny name for a piano on wheels. After the man stopped playing he passed around his hat for pennies and then he drove on down the street. Tom started to follow him, but this time the man drove so fast that Tom could not catch him.

Tom's litle legs began to get so tired and suddenly he thought, "Why, where is mamma?" He looked all around, but of course he did not see her, for he was a long way from where she stopped to talk to her friend.

People were hurrying along, and Tom was such a litt'e boy that sometimes they did not see him until they ran into him. Poor Tom felt so frightened to see all these people and no one that he knew, and the trolley and horses and wagons all made such a noise that he sat down on the sidewalk and cried.

People stopped and asked him what was the matter, but he was crying so hard that he could not answer.

Then he felt some one pick him up and he stopped crying long enough to look up, and there he was in the arms of a great big, kind-looking man who wore a blue suit with brass buttons and there was a big star on his coat.

And then Tom remembered what his mother had told him and he said: "Why, you must be a policeman that takes little boys to their mammas when they get lost! Please take me quick to mine; she is near a store with a big window with a cunning little train going around and round."

The policeman held Tom and wiped the tears away and asked him all about how he happened to get lost, and then he took him by the hand and said, "We will find your mamma soon, so do not cry any more?"

They walked and walked and then went into a building where there were a great many men with blue suits on with brass buttons and a star.

Tom's policeman told the others about Tom losing his mother and they all said, "She will come here to look for him." And in just a moment the door opened and there she was. As soon as she saw Tom she ran to him and hugged him tight, for she was so glad to see him, and she told the policeman that she never could thank him enough for finding her little boy.—Irene Russell, in Kindergarten Review.

HOW AUDREY WENT TO SCHOOL.

Audrey Parke did not start to school when she was six years old, for the school-house was three miles from her home, but her mother taught her every day.

When she was seven, Mrs. Parke said, "Audrey must go to school this year," but the question of how she should get there came up again.

"I can go on Prince, of course," said Audrey, as if that settled the matter. Prince was her Shetland pony, and she spent much time each day riding him about the farm.

"You could not do that, for there is no place to keep Prince at the school-house; and besides, the older boys would ride him at noon," objected Mr. Parke.

"We might train Prince to take Audrey to school in the morning, then come home and go back for her in the afternoon," suggested Mrs. Parke.

Mr. Parke shook his head doubtfully. "I do not believe Prince would do it, but we can give him a week's training and see."

On Monday morning Audrey rode Prince to school, and her father went along to bring him home. In the afternoon he brought the pony back to the school-house again. This was done every day for the first week of school, then the second Monday morning Audrey went alone. When she reached the school-house, she dismounted and threw the bridle over the saddle-horn and said, "Home, Prince." The pony trotted off obediently.

"Prince will come home all right," Mr. Parke remarked as the pony turned in at the gate, "but he may not go back to the school-house alone: we will wait and see."

At three o'clock that afternoon Mr. Parke saddled and bridled Prince, and started him down the road toward the school-house. When Audrey came out from school at four o'clock, Prince was patiently waiting for her.

"I told you, father, that Prince would learn to go home alone and then come back for me, and he has proved it," she said as she stopped at her own gate where her father and mother were waiting for her.

So Prince carried Audrey to and from school until she was ready to go to the High School in the city, and every evening he had a lump of sugar as a reward for his day's work—Sarah N. McCreery, in Sunday School Times.

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thought
To temper and refine it,
Each plan a higher planner
To consider and define it,
Could we but win that subtle grace,
Discretion pure and real,
Far nobler then would be our lives,
And nearer the ideal.

—A. Judson Sage.

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